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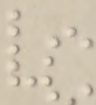
Anniverses

BEING A SERIES OF
LYRICAL APPRECIATIONS
PERTINENT & IMPERTINENT
INTENDED TO PRESERVE TO POSTERITY
THE ACHIEVEMENTS AND
IDIOSYNCRASIES
OF
CERTAIN CONTEMPORARY
INDIVIDUALS

✓ BY
THOMAS · B · EASTLAND ✓



SAN FRANCISCO
CAROLINE · T · NEWHALL
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TO THE HONORABLE
JOHN · S · DRUM · ESQ.

LAWYER · BANKER · LEGISLATOR
STATESMAN · PATRON OF THE ARTS
AND OF THE ARTLESS

o



IR: Presuming upon the interest which you have ever shown in my humble and clumsy efforts to immortalize in imperishable verse the qualities of certain of your contemporaries, I beg leave to introduce to the world, under the sanction of your name, the happy fruition of your consistent patronage.

The usual style of dedication would, I am confident, be unpleasing to you; and I therefore decline it. Merit so conspicuous as yours requires no panegyric. My

only view in dedicating my life's work to you is that it may be a lasting memorial, how much and how really the character of the Great Financier and Statesman, united to that of the Amiable Savant, may be imposed upon by the frivolous and meretricious; and by none more than,

SIR,

Your most obedient

and humble servant,

THOMAS B. EASTLAND

ANNIVERSES

THE O. W. W.

*Verses read at a dinner to celebrate the twenty-
eighth anniversary of the wedding of Mr.
and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson,
May 15, 1918*

 LONG before the
gold discovery
In the state of
California,
In the town of
Sacramento

Lived a maid named Flora Carroll.
Lived and loved and trifled ever.

Suitors came a-wooing Flora,
Jimmy Marshall, Hoggy Davis,
Even young Alvinza Hayward
Laid his gold-dust at her doorstep.
But our heroine was haughty
And she scorned these honest roughnecks,
Offering marriage and a washboard.
Flora said a city feller
Was the game that she was hunting.
Till he came and she could snare him
She would stay in Sacramento,
Trapping mallards in the tules,

Milking buffaloes for Father,
Selling red-eye to the Injuns,
Mixing toddies for the children,
Doing other household duties
Common in that generation.

Came a younger crowd of suitors,
Jimmy Fair and Johnny Mackay;
Others of the group bonanza
Sought to win the hand of Flora.
Unavailing were their efforts,
Fruitless all their fond endearments—
One by one she sent them packing.

Meanwhile time is passing onward,
Silver dusts the locks of Flora,
Crow's-feet decorate her temples.
Still she flirts and trifles ever.
Venerable Sacramentans
Sat and wagged their hoary whiskers
As they chewed their plug tobacco
'Round the village store at twilight,
Saying, "Though the kid is clever,
There's a limit to such trifling.
She will overplay it surely;

She will find herself secluded
In some home for aged females."

Flora heard but nothing heeded,
Laughed, and shook her grizzled tresses.
"There is one born every minute,"
Carolled scornfully our Flora.
She was right. From San Francisco
Came one day a young attorney;
Plump and handsome, inexperienced.

Flora took one look and chuckled,
As she saw his guileless visage.
"There is no one home," said Flora;
"Here's my meat." And she went to it.

Need we dwell upon that courtship?
It was finished ere it started;
Not a hope had that attorney.

Years have passed. Now mark the changes
Eight and twenty years have brought us.
Old has grown that young attorney,
Old and bald. He has a melon.
How has time behaved to Flora,
Flora of the Sacramento?

Is she old and doddering, toothless?
Nay, not so. She's younger daily,
Younger, sweeter, ageless ever,
Filled with human understanding,
Filled with love and loyal friendship,
Giving happiness to others
With no thought of self (or Mountford).

And I think that's why we love her,
Why we're here to do her honor.
May God bless you, Flora Wilson,
Youngest woman in the world!

THE COLONEL

*Verses read at the celebration of Colonel Walter
S. Martin's birthday, November 20, 1918*



YOU may talk of
General Pershing,
You may talk of
Marshal Foch,
And of other soldier
heroes

That you hear of now, but gosh!
There is one right at this table
I'd a whole lot rather be;
For Colonel Walter Martin
Is the soldier man for me.

He's a veteran of veterans,
He has been in every fight
In the history of our country,
Fighting always for the right.
And he's been in other battles
That were never known to fame:
More dead soldiers strew his pathway
Than I could ever name.

Why, when we first were struggling
To attain our liberty,

'Twas in the fight at Georgetown
That he first made history.
And some sixty-five years later,
In the Mexican affray,
With a tin tray and a staircase
He brought the war to Monterey.

In the Civil War soon after,
In the days of sixty-one,
He made the bull run faster
Than the bull had ever run.
He was wounded in Manila,
Staying just half-shot always,
And the San Juan hill has known him
Since the earliest motoring days.

You would think with such a record
He would have enough of fight,
But he led the Van for Antwerp
At the Club here Monday night.
With your Eagle on your shoulder
And your Chicken on your knee,
Oh, you Colonel Walter Martin,
You're the soldier man for me!

PAPPY

*Verses read at the celebration of Mr. D. C.
Jackling's birthday, August 14, 1919*



IS great, I ween,
to be supreme
In any given line,
But to excel in many—well,
That's greater far.
That's fine.

Though many roam—abroad—at home—
Along the beaten track,
But few find fame at every game.
I know but one. That's Jack.

I'll not recount the vast amount
Of copper that he's mined,
Or fill your ears, and bring your tears,
With tales of wealth. You'll find
The things he's done that really won
His niche in halls of fame
Are simpler far. They really are.
I'm sure you'll say the same.

Collecting!—Well, I'll only tell
About that thing alone.

Why, Jack has made the dealer's trade
A study of his own.
No connoisseur has eyes so sure
For lacquer gems or jade,
And old Abe Gump draws from this dump
To fill his Christmas trade.

When Demon Booze began to lose,
Jack's knowledge stood him well;
For Rum poured in, and also Gin,
And Champagne—and Moselle.
Collecting mad! 'Twas now no fad;
He bought the World's supply.
Wine by the crate, in every state,
Jack, careful, hoarded by.

Today he's got in every spot
To which his fancy turns,
Enough of wine to make that clime
The home for which he yearns.
For here at home, for him alone,
He keeps his greatest prize:
That which our host doth cherish most
Lies in Virginia's eyes.

Here's to you Jack! We're glad you're back.
We're glad we're all here too.
We'll raise our cheers to your fifty years!
And, Ginna! here's to you!

GINNA

*Verses read at the celebration of Mrs. Jackling's
birthday, October 9, 1919*



HOUGH Villon raised
his voice in praise
Of lovely ladies
dead,
I'm here to sing the
living thing,
When birthday feasts are spread.
And though perhaps the poet chaps
Sing sweeter songs—less frank,
The gentle Muse will not refuse
The lyric mountebank.

But, Ginna, I don't think I'll try
To play the jester's part.
It were not meet, 'twere indiscreet
To wing the barbèd dart.
For ridicule is of a school
Ill suited to this feast;
And should I spoof the friends of youth,
You'd write me down a beast.

Though to refrain be quite a strain,
I'll try hard to behave.
I won't poke fun at any one
We knew in days so brave.
I'll e'en respect that railroad wreck
That killed off one affair.
Inviolable I'll hold their fate,
The beaux of yesteryear.

That clamorous crew of suitors, who
Made matrimonial noise,
They ranged from U. S. Senators
To Balfour Guthrie boys.
But to that band you tied the can—
You knew you'd not be happy;
That if you'd wait you'd find your mate.
You did—just look at Pappy!

And you did more. When safe ashore
You came to journey's end,
You gave yourself another self,
And gave your friends a friend.
Virginia dear, the furtive tear
Oft-times treads close on laughter;
I think I'll stop, lest one wee drop
Spoil fun that's coming after.

And yet I think, before we drink,
In vintage hardly thrifty,
You ought to know the love you show
To us, goes fifty-fifty.
For don't you know, whene'er you go
Away to distant parts,
Though California be our home,
Virginia holds our hearts?

“ABSOLOOTLY”

*Verses read at the celebration of Dr. Max
Rothschild's birthday, July 10, 1919*



SINCE Aesculapius
first tried
To heal the ills
of man,
A lot of Doctors
have improved
Upon that old bird's plan;
For nowadays a Doctor can't
Accumulate enough,
By sticking to his medicine.
He's got to get the stuff.

And so we see our medicos
Adopting other ways
To grab themselves a bank-roll,
In these hard commercial days.
Weir Mitchell, he wrote novels;
Doc Cook, he chased the pole;
C. C. O'Donnell ran for Mayor,
While others just plain stole.

But Maximilian Rothschild,
More versatile by heaps,

Just takes a chance at anything,
And his fortune grows by leaps.
At first he tried the racetrack,
We thought him but a dub;
But ere the season ended
He had made the bookies rub.

One game led to another,
Till at cards his oats he felt,
And it's commonly reported
That his bridge broke Leslie Belt.
Gambling led to other ventures,
Fortune's smile was never late.
George Marye will long remember
Max's deal in real estate.

Golf engaged his idle moments.
Even this was not pure lark.
And in case you don't believe me,
Go and ask poor Charlie Clark.
Then came sundry vast promotions;
He built a hospital alone,
And then at the Exposition
Max bought the whole darned zone.

Why recount his further triumphs?
We're not here to sing his wealth,
But to wish him Happy Birthday,
And in Bevo drink his health.
For he's got much more than riches,
Sympathy and friendship true;
He's the one that we all fly to
When we're sick and life looks blue.

So here's to you, Maximilian!
Friends like you will never quit.
Bless you, Max; you know we love you.
Absolootly, Max, you're it!

JACK-POT CARRIE

Verses read at the birthday dinner of

Caroline T. Newhall

May 9, 1919

 HAVE dealt
roulette in Dawson,
I have turned the
wheel in Nome,
I have bucked the
bank at Goldfield,

And at other camps near home;
But the very highest gambling
Was down at Burlingame,
And the bettor was a lady;
Jack-pot Carrie was her name.

Now, the game it warn't draw poker,
The old game we understand,
For they played some things called
Roodlums—

Seven cards to make a hand.
Three cards down and four uncovered,
With the joker running wild;
Sort o' crazy stud, you'd call it.
Crazy's right. This game warn't mild.

Though it started kind o' harmless,
Till a girl named Georgie there
Tore the cover off the limit,
When she showed two little pair.
Jack-pot Carrie stayed and raised her,
Without a single pair in sight;
But she spread 'em all pink later.
Yes, she sure had luck that night.

From then on there warn't no limit.
Bets were made you won't believe.
But it's Gospel truth I tell you,
No intention to deceive.
Ambler Curran bet ten thousand,
Jerry raised him fifty more;
When the play come up to Carrie,
She hung a hundred on the score.

Hung it on, and got the money,
Raking in those bank-notes choice,
Saying, "Don't you think it's funny?"
In an awe-struck, husky voice.
We all thought she'd reached her climax,
When, with a straight up to the ace,
She nicked Helène for half a million,
Sweetened with her country place.

But not so, as dawn was breaking,
And the final pot was played,
She and Georgie hooked together;
Breaths were held and prayers were said.
Little did we of the gallery
Sense the tragedy to come—
Realize the latent fires
Burning in one Georgie Drum.

After Georgie bet a million,
Carrie bet a million, too;
Then she raised the Newhall Building—
Georgie scarce knew what to do.
But she bet the Savings Union,
And then said, in accents mild:
“And in order for to raise you,
I will bet my only child.”

Carrie called with little Walter,
But we stopped her from a raise,
And insisted on a showdown—
We had to stop these crazy plays.
Georgie turned four aces over.
Carrie, then, without a blush,
Slowly let us see her pasteboards—
There it lay, a *royal flush!*

How it happened then I know not,
But a flash—a muffled roar—
And from Georgie's hand a pistol,
Smoking, clattered on the floor.
Carrie swayed, her life's blood streaming,
And then, just as she dropped dead,
"I am practically even,"
Little Jack-pot Carrie said.

Yes, I've dealt roulette in Dawson,
And I've turned the wheel in Nome,
But for really truly gambling,
Lead me to my country home!

GEORGIE

*Verses read at the tardy celebration of Mrs. Drum's
birthday: October 23, 1918*



HOUGH birthdays pass,
and yours is gone—
Tonight's its celebration—
We're here to wish you
many more,
With much congratulation:
To drink your health, to wish you wealth
And joy without cessation.

And I'm supposed, in silly verse,
In vain to take your name.
What can I say, since once last May
I sang your favorite game,
And though 'twas Carrie's birthday then,
You shared her gambling fame?

'Tis quite a task, with poker barred.
I crave your kind compassion;
For I'm compelled to celebrate
Your other ruling passion.
I'm forced to talk about John Drum—
In Rudyard Kipling fashion.

STEVE

*Verses read about John S. Drum at
Mrs. Drum's birthday dinner.*



YOU may talk of
Financiers
Till you're pink around
the ears,
And you're apt to be when
e'er you need the money;
But you'll give your note and thank-you
To almost any bank you
Can find to trust you for it. Ain't it funny?

Now in San Francisco's clime,
Where I used to spend my time,
Chasing Dollars till my feeble wits were:
numb,
Of all that Pirate Crew,
The hardest game I knew
Was the Savings Union's Chairman,
John S. Drum.

It was "Drum! Drum! Drum!
Please don't foreclose for such a trifling
sum."
With a sympathetic sigh,

And an almost tearful eye,
"It will cost you twelve per cent," says
John S. Drum.

So he builded up his bank
Till its reeking millions stank,
And he looked around for work in other
pastures.

And just then the situation
Of most every corporation
In our commonwealth began to look
disastrous.

As they tottered and then fell,
Bond-holders set up a yell
That went ringing clean from here to
kingdom come.

"We are stung! What shall we do
To escape this awful stew?"
And the answer came back clearly,
"Get John Drum."

It was "Drum! Drum! Drum!
For God's sake, hurry up! We're on the
bum!

We are flying off the track;
Get the monkey-wrench and jack,

Send the trouble-wagon quick, and
John S. Drum!"

So he'd put it on the blocks,
And he'd dehydrate the stocks,
Till the suckers who had bought were all
left flat;

Then he'd smear the prior lien
And issue notes pink, blue and green,
Like a juggler taking rabbits from a hat.
Then he'd pack away his kit,
And again look round a bit,
Till he spied another crumbling
corporate plum;

He would wreck, keelhaul and spike it,
And he'd make the losers like it.
Just a gift he seemed to have, did
John S. Drum.

It was Drum, Drum, Drum—
When he'd finished none but he would
have a crumb.

Then, when he alone was in it,
"There's not *one* born every minute,
There are *several* born each minute," said
John Drum.

When our country plunged in war,
And all Europe ran with gore,
John's winning ways made strong appeal
to Wilson;

So a little later on
He was parked in Washington,
With repair-kit, extra spark-plugs and
his Stilson.

Ere a village built a school,
Or a farmer bought a mule,
Ere a little child could buy a pack of
gum,

They would have to get a permit,
John's "Okeh" perhaps you'd term it,
Which made matters fairly soft for
John S. Drum.

It was "Drum! Drum! Drum!
Rush our permit through committee.
We'll keep mum."

John would speak to So-and-so;
If he found they had the dough
They could spend their money—some of
it on Drum.

After peace he hurried back
To amend the Banking Act,
And produced a lovely piece of
legislation.

I am grateful for its birth,
And its two to one Net Worth
Leaves me no doubt of his ultimate
salvation.

So we'll meet again I know
Where we both are sure to go,
Where the milk and honey flows instead
of Rum.

He'll be sitting on a cloud,
And he will, if it's allowed,
Issue bonds against my Harp, will
John S. Drum.

Drum, Drum, Drum,
He'll reorganize high Heaven, will
John Drum.

He will charge admission fees,
Frisking Peter for the keys,
While the Angels hock their Halos with
John Drum.

Of this book, ANNIVERSES, by Thomas B. Eastland, fifty copies only have been printed for Caroline T. Newhall, in the month of November, and year Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen, by Taylor & Taylor, San Francisco, and the type distributed. None of the copies is for sale. This copy is No. 50

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